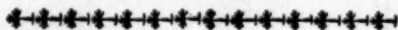


Parting Lovers.

Written by the late Mr. SHENSTONE.



WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 I thought—but it might not be so—
 She was sorry to see me depart;
 She cast such a languishing veiw,
 My path I could scarcely discern;
 And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought she had bade me return.

Methinks me might like to retire,
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there.
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, e'er I haste to the plain,
 Come shepherds, and tell of her ways;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 Who would sing me a song in her praise.
 While he sings, may the maids of the town
 Come flocking, and listen the while;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peeps out of his cell;
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well!
 On him she may smile if she please,
 It will warm the cold bosom of age—
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe! Oh cease!
 Such softness may ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To deck the dear charms I approve;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as love!
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay—
 Go, poets, and envy my song.